

FIFE AND DRUM



BY

TOUCHSTONE³

OF

"THE DAILY MAIL"

AND

C · E · B

OF

"THE EVENING NEWS"

1/-

NET

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO. LTD.

Fife and Drum

By
TOUCHSTONE
Of "The Daily Mail"
AND
C. E. B.
Of "The Evening News"



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To

THE LORD NORTHCLIFFE
MY CHIEF AND FRIEND
FOR NEARLY 19 YEARS

Preface

I MAKE no apology for issuing this collection of verses in book form, but merely wish to transfer the blame, if any, to the shoulders of those readers of THE EVENING NEWS and THE DAILY MAIL who have urged me to this course.

As far as I am concerned the present is my first offence, and if I am tempted at any time to repeat it the responsibility will rest with the public.

As for the verses themselves they form the expression of many moods, but I think I can claim for them all the virtue of sincerity. If they seem to form a somewhat jumbled collection that is because their arrangement in any sort of order seemed to me a hopeless task, and there is only an attempt at a rough grouping here and there. The dates of publication are given, and I hope that most of them are correct.

My thanks are due to THE EVENING NEWS for permission to reprint the verses signed "C.E.B." and to THE DAILY MAIL in regard to those signed "Touchstone." The fact that the verses bearing these signatures are from the same hand is already known to so many that it would be foolish to make a mystery about it, even were it in itself a matter of any great interest.

In conclusion, may I thank most sincerely the many readers who have written to me, too often anonymously, during recent years, their appreciation of my work !

CLAUDE E. C. H. BURTON.

October, 1915.

Fife and Drum.



DESPATCHES.

SWIFT as a bullet out of a gun
He passed me by with an inch to spare,
Raising a dust cloud thick and dun
While the stench of lubricant filled the air.
I must admit that I did not like
The undergrad on his motor bike.

I have seen him, too, at the wayside inn,
A strapping lad scarce out of his teens,
Grimy, but wearing a cheerful grin,
A young enthusiast full of beans,
While his conversation was little better
Than pure magneto and carburetter.

Now, he has got the chance of his life,
The chance of earning glorious scars,
And I picture him scouring a land of strife,
Crouching over his handle bars,
His open exhaust, with its roar and stench,
Like a Maxim gun in a British trench.

Despatches—continued.

Lad, when we met in that country lane
Neither foresaw the days to come,
But I know that if ever we meet again
My heart will throb to your engine's hum,
And, to-day, as I read, I catch my breath
At the thought of your ride through the hail of
death!

But to you it is just a glorious lark;
Scorn of danger is still your creed.
As you open her out and advance your spark
And humour the throttle to get more speed,
Life has only one end for you,
To carry your priceless message through!

PRESERVES.

SMITH, of Blank, in Blankshire, is a very sport-
ing party.

Red, and round of figure, and extremely bluff
and hearty.

Smith possesses pheasants which ascend like any
rocket,

Or the bills he has to meet from his capacious pocket.

When the Blanks arrived to do their military
training,

Rude, unsporting officers were often heard com-
plaining.

Smith's preserves were out of bounds; he said so
to their faces.

(Smith possesses influence in high official places.)

So, though Tommy wants to learn the tricks of
forest fighting,

He must needs content himself with something
less exciting

Later, at the front, his chance to learn will be
extensive,

Even if the lesson comes decidedly expensive.

Men may fight and men may fall for lack of
proper practice;

Smith will deeply mourn their loss, so exquisite
his tact is.

Still, although their relatives may find the tale
unpleasant,

Smith, of Blank, in Blankshire, won't have lost
a single pheasant!

A TEMPERANCE SONG.

GIVE us the ale our fathers drank
In the brave days of old,
Honest and true, a British brew,
That left no heart a-cold;
Ere cheating knaves had drugged their slaves
With chemicals that slaughter,
And the inn's cool vault held hops and malt
Compound with pure spring water.

Give us a heart to drink our beer
As Frenchmen quaff their wine,
That we confess no vile excess,
Nor wallow like to swine;
Let them that lie in the drunkard's sty
Be food for good men's scorn.
Be theirs the shame who would foul the name
Of good John Barleycorn!

Give us good grace to rule ourselves
As we would others rule,
That we may use but ne'er abuse
A draught so rare and cool;
Good ale and sound let it go round
Where Englishmen may be,
And send we ne'er boast virtue rare
At the price of liberty!

LET THE MUSIC PLAY.

ENGLAND, have you no trumpet call
To quicken the step of feet that lag,
Naught but a poster stuck on a wall
To rally your sons to your battle flag?
From plough and city you bid them come
To fight for their land, perchance to die,
But I miss the roll and the crash of the drum
That woke our hearts in the days gone by.

Scarce do we hear a bugle bray;
The silent ranks go marching past.
Never we hearten our souls to-day
With the martial sound of a trumpet's blast.
The pomp of war has been laid aside,
As it were but a barbarous thing and crude,
The gallant ways that were once our pride
Give place to a solemn Puritan mood.

In no vain boasts shall our breath be spent,
As men not braggarts we play our part,
But our lads should go as their fathers went,
To the music dear to a soldier's heart,
Call it barbaric or what you will,
But the throbbing drum and the squealing
fife
Have the power to waken the sluggard still,
And quicken many a soul to life!

C. E. P.

THE PARROT.

(A Story of Cologne.)

LITTLE Gretchen, with her eyes of blue,
And her hair as ruddy as the carrot,
Tried to teach the latest phrase she knew
To her pretty, patriotic parrot.
Crying, as she held her soldier dolly,
"You must say, 'Gott strafe England!' Polly."

Polly was a patriotic bird,
As I think I previously have mentioned,
Rather muddle-headed and absurd,
But, despite her failing, well-intentioned.
"Deutschland ueber alles!" She would shout it
Till the neighbours all complained about it.

Now the bird has got her phrases wrong.
"England ueber alles!" she will chortle,
While "Gott strafe Deutschland" loud and long
Echoes from that loyal mansion's portal.
Consequently trouble has arisen;
Gretchen and her parents are in prison!

C. E. B.

HERE AND THERE.

HERE.

THE horses are into the stralght,
And the course is a babel of cries;
The moment is pregnant with fate
And his glasses are glued to his eyes;
The gee that he fancied so much
Doesn't look like the fittest survivor,
He was hoping to win quite a hatful of tin,
But it looks more like losing a fiver!

THERE.

He is trying to keep a lookout,
He is straining his eyes till they dim;
But there aren't many glasses about
And they couldn't find any for him.
He is only a mere N.C.O.,
Observing the enemy's forces;
Will you send out your pair to the man over
there
Or keep them . . . for watching the horses?

C. E. B.

THE NEWEST HATE.

(By Wireless from Berlin.)

You have heard the tale of the German hate
For the impudent folk of a minor State
Who adopted an attitude quite absurd
And expected Kultur to keep its word.
You have heard of the deeds of "frightfulness"
done

By the ravening hordes of the furious Hun
In the hope that the victim's heart might tire
Of torture and murder and rape and fire,
Till that little nation was overthrown
We had one foe and one alone,
Belgium!

But when England ventured to take a hand
A hate of a highly superior brand
Was promptly distilled in Kultur's heart
For those who could play so vile a part.
Of the race who could stand by a weaker friend
We declared our intention to make an end,
And our poisonous gas with its reek and smart
Is mild to the hate that possessed our heart.
We advertised freely to make it known
We had one foe and one alone,
England!

The Newest Hate—continued.

And when Italy threatens our land with war
We intend to surpass ourselves once more;
By this, our latest if not our last,
All previous hatreds will be surpassed.
'Tis a hate no language could e'er express;
The world must imagine it more or less,
A hate of which even the merest hint
No decent journal could ever print,
A hate that permeates every bone!
We have one foe and one alone,
Italy!

(To be continued as occasion offers.)

22.5.15

TOUCHSTONE.

THE DODGER.

THEY tell me, ladies, that you will be seen
In London streets all garbed in spotless white
Striving to make the youthful slacker keen
To do his bit for England and the right.
I only trust, whatever you may do,
Whatever converts you may seek to gain,
Whatever test you put the slacker through
That you will spare me in your wild campaign.

For, though I have a gay and youthful air
I have long passed the military age.
I can but contemplate in sheer despair
The feats in which my soldier sons engage.
Think of me, therefore, as one filled with pains
Of eld and of decay, whose lungs are wrong,
Whose hearing is defective, and whose veins
Are varicose, whose heart is far from strong.

Yet I must fain admit ye would not know
Your bard from others of the common crowd.
But must I face your vocal music? No!
That were an outrage not to be allowed,
So shall my Dane, my Susie, aid my scheme,
Leading me daily by the accustomed route
And, tapping on the pavement, I shall seem
A totally unpromising recruit.

THE TRUCE IN THE STUBBLE.

"LITTLE brown bird in the stubble,
What of the man with the gun?
September the first should bring trouble,
But where are the squire and his son?
And as to the guests who come down for the
shooting
There's never a one!"

"O! the squire's in no humour for blazing
At little brown birds on his own,
But we've seen the recruits he is raising,
So martial a man as he's grown,
And his son has gone out with his regiment they
tell me
To . . . somewhere unknown.

"'The small game must bide,' says the keeper,
(The old one—the young ones have gone).
Though the fields have been shorn by the reaper,
There's a harvest now waiting out yon.
But when they have settled the Germans, there's
trouble
For us coming on!"

INTERINED.

WHAT sadder fate for men of men-o'-war
Than this our lads may suffer oversea.
'Tis theirs to serve the heavy guns no more,
Not prisoners of war and yet not free,
They are forbidden still to raise a hand,
Whate'er betide, to help their native land.

How deadly dull the dragging days will seem
To these denied the chance for which they
yearn,

Only a cruel loss of which to dream!

Useless to say that they have had their turn,
For what they most desire, if all were known,
Is some small chance of getting back their own.

But they are stranded. War has passed them
by,

They are marooned like mariners of old,
With nobody to heed their bitter cry,
The book is closed with half the tale untold.
I see them through, I trust, not many years,
Still brave, but absolutely bored to tears!

THE KAISER'S PRAYER.

GOD of my father's, Moloch the mighty, hark
to my prayer!
For have I not done thy bidding, to smite but
never to spare?
When a foolish folk would have held me to
the myth of my plighted word,
Was not throughout all Europe the sound of
my answer heard?
Did not I make an altar of the land that opposed
my will,
Drenched with the blood of a people who dare
to defy me still?
Men and women and children I offered them
in thy name,
And the glory of ancient cities roared up into
smoke and flame.
And so with my own dear people, the cultured
race of the Huns,
Have I not fed them daily to the mouths of the
foeman's guns?
Have I not spent them freely and treated their
lives as naught
If but by their ruthless slaughter I gained the
end that I sought?
Tell me, O! mighty Moloch, what have I left
undone
That the clouds should gather about me and
darken the face of the sun?
Thy strength is no longer with us, my warriors
turn and flee,

The Kaiser's Prayer—continued.

More dark than the evil present is the fear of
the days to be.

Is there some deed of darkness thy servant dared
to forget?—

My hands are red with the slaughter, but they
shall be redder yet;

Blood shall flow as a river that widens still with
the years,

Yet is as a drop in the ocean, the ocean of
human tears.

Surely thine ear will hearken! Have I not
heeded thy call?

Have I not given thee honour, humanity, con-
science—all?

Lord of the darkness, hear me! hark to thy
child's despair!

God of my fathers, Moloch the mighty, answer
my prayer!

THE POET AND THE SCOUT.

I HAVE a certain spurious air of youth,
Such as deceives the casual passer-by,
And though my locks grow something scant,
in sooth

There is a jocund clearness in mine eye,
And therewithal a jauntiness of port
Which frequently deludes the simple sort.

Yet I am ten good years beyond the age
Which marks the limit of our fighting men;
Therefore I hold, as poet and as sage,
I have a right to wield a mighty pen
Instead of quite an ineffective sword
And yet earn no white feather as reward.

Moreover, I possess two soldier sons
Who promptly answered to their country's call;
Surely the sire of these two dauntless ones
Is something higher than the worms that
crawl?

"But why all this?" you ask. Nay, wait awhile
And let me tell you in my own quaint style.

But yester morn a lad in Scout's array
Thrust in my hand a screed which said,
"Young man,
Your King and Country need you!" Reader,
say,

Was ever meaner taunt since time began?
I glared, but since mere looks can never kill,
The memory of that insult rankles still!

A GREAT CIVILIAN.

HE wears no soldier's uniform,
But in his broad frock-coated breast
There beats the gallant heart and brave
Of one who lives to shield and save
His citizens opprest.

He faced the invader undismayed,
Just as his country's warlike sons,
And, since the foe might not be checked,
Calm, dignified, and most correct,
Taught manners to the Huns.

And many a timid soul takes heart
To see his head erect, unbowed,
While oft in simple words and brave
He gives the news his people crave,
And cheers the stricken crowd.

A personality indeed,
No noble quality he lacks,
Though he may be "deposed," what then?
Come, charge your glasses, gentlemen!
A health to M. Max!

TOUCHSTONE.

30.9.14

THE TEUTON ALL-LIES SERVICE.

THE British Army has been slain,
With all its men and horses,
And those who came to life again
Have joined the Kaiser's forces.
The German troops are well and fit
And absolutely tireless,
While none of them has yet been hit—
(*Berlin, official wireless.*)

All Paris first was shelled and mined,
And then the Uhlans wrecked it,
But property of any kind
Was everywhere respected.
The President is now, no doubt,
A sadder man and wiser,
The Frenchmen having turned him out—
(*By order of the Kaiser.*)

The Russians have been smashed to pulp
With some small aid from Heaven,
One Uhlan at a single gulp
Disposed of forty-seven.
And having gaily swallowed these,
He started on a new row.
The Tsar is fairly on his knees—
(*Wolff's Fabrikation Bureau.*)

"NAPOLEON" THE LITTLE.

WILHELM—'twould sully a fair English name
To call you "William"—does your swollen
head

Further enlarge since some have linked your
fame

With that of one among the mighty dead?
Surely the Little Corporal's cheek would pale
With honest wrath at that preposterous tale!

You a Napoleon? You, forsooth, endowed
With such a personality as burns
Its lasting print upon the lesser crowd?
You reaping the reward that genius earns?
Nay, but to all the world your type is plain,
A superficial creature, weak and vain.

Jack of all trades nor master yet of one,
No, not of war, of which you loved to prate,
You plumed your peacock feathers in the sun
Of admiration of your Hunnish state,
Being acclaimed, indeed, among your kind
Because you voiced the giant bully's mind.

"Napoleon" the Little—continued.

Not yours, as some declare, the single guilt
Of ruined churches and of ravaged lands,
Not though the blood of babes so foully spilt
Imperishably stains your royal hands.
At Louvain and at Rheims your roaring guns
Spoke in the name of all the race of Huns.

Therefore, though Europe plucked you from
your throne
And banished all your brood beyond the seas,
Your guilty Fatherland can ne'er atone
Save as a nation beaten to its knees,
For in the light of truth you stand confest
But one barbarian among all the rest!

28.9.14

TOUCHSTONE

HISTORIC NUMBERS.

THERE were battles of old by plain and hill
Which brought renown to some simple names,
So that the world recalls them still
And nothing shall ever obscure their claims;
Names that romance soaks through and through,
From Marathon down to Waterloo.

But now our battles have grown so vast,
With hundreds of miles of fighting line,
That we place a numbered ticket at last
On the hill or dale we would fain define
Round which some terrible fight may rage
Which should gain a place on history's page.

But when the glamour of names is gone
The meed of glory is still to seek,
That numbered hill in the vague Argonne
Perchance we remember for just a week.
Would you have remembered Thermopylæ
As "Pass 133"?

C. E. B.

THE CENSOR'S OWN.

OF all the heroes famed in song and story,
From colonel down to private in the ranks,
None have a higher claim to deathless glory
Than that immortal regiment, the —'s.
The Censor may impose a certain blindness
On those who watch the conflict from afar,
But, thanks to that official's wondrous kindness,
At least I know the —'s for what they are.

Perhaps I live in —shire! How exciting!
(No one, at least, can swear that I do not),
Perchance they are my friends who have been
fighting,
Giving the Kaiser's legions . . . something hot.
Talk of your Cæsars or your Alexanders,
They can't compare with heroes of our race,
Such as the —'s who fought at — in Flanders
(I wonder if you chance to know the place).

Whenever any regiment is mentioned
For doing something perfectly sublime,
For which its splendid heroes should be pen-
sioned,
It is the —'s. They get there every time.
Don't tell me that the Censor's touch is chilly,
Suppressing names is only just his fun,
And I, for one, go absolutely silly
About the splendid things the —'s have
done!

ZEPPELIN DRILL.

Civilians are warned by the authorities, in case of an air raid, to keep under cover, preferably in basements.

If you hear the sound of firing
And the bombs come hailing down,
And the shrapnel bullets patter
On the pavements, ye must scatter,
All ye dwellers of the town.

Since ye can perform no service
And your danger may be great,
Shun the street and open casement,
Seeking refuge in the basement
Till the conflict shall abate.

Do not seek to view the struggle,
Rather mind your own affairs;
Think what evil may betide ye,
And your common sense shall guide ye
Safely down the kitchen stairs.

Yet I fear the sporting instinct
Is not wholly past and gone,
And, although debarred from fighting,
We may find it too exciting
To refrain from looking on.

Yea, I hear my children's voices,
Raised above the awful din,
In their piping notes complaining:
"Daddy, dear, it isn't raining!
Daddy, *why* must we go in?"

THE REST CURE.

HE hadn't yet done any fighting,
But oh! he had worked like a black!
His task wasn't very exciting,
But still he had never looked back.
It's rather exhausting to bellow
All day at the raw young recruit
Or to help in instructing some ignorant fellow
To drill and to shoot.

He had truly the gift of the master;
He knew all the drill-book by heart.
His men got on notably faster
Than others who once had the start.
The authorities said, "We can't spare you.
Pray, smother your longing to roam,
What? Want to be hammering Germans! How
dare you?
You'll just stay at home!"

He knew their objections were valid,
And ever he laboured and taught,
But they noted his cheek grew more pallid;
He seemed like a man over-wrought.
"From training these youngsters of French's,"
They asked, "will you rest for a bit?"
And he answered: "I think that a spell in the
trenches
Would soon make me fit!"

THE TADPOLE SHOW.

SWEET Lady Frivol puckered up her brows
And frowned a most alluring little frown,
For she was feeling fed, yea, bored to tears.
This horrid war had robbed her of the joys
Which ladies of her social eminence
Had known in peaceful times. No dancing teas,
No balls, no parties. Her especial nut
Was in the trenches near some Flemish town
(Quite nice of him, but still no good to her).
And there was really nothing to be done,
For she was sick to death of Red Cross work,
The doctors were such stern, unbending men,
And Sister had no real respect for rank,
While as for her companions on the staff,
These were the absolute and final edge.
In calmer days, ere Germany upset
The gentle tide of Britain's social life,
The Lady Frivol for a hobby bred
Tadpoles and tiddlers, and her priceless stock
Had been, indeed, renowned throughout the
land.

Ha! Happy thought at which her forehead
cleared,

Why not a Tadpole and a Tiddler Show
In charity's sweet name to swell some fund?
Any old thing would do as an excuse.

.

The show was certainly a great success;
Certain good people (in the social sense)

The Tadpole Show—continued.

Felt it their duty to support the Fund
For Fitting Wooden Legs to Wounded Mules,
And all the Tadpole and Tiddler crowd
Rolled up in splendid force; indeed, the gate
Was really quite a record in its way.
And later in the illustrated Press
The Lady Frivol's beauteous face appeared
With paragraphs about the Tadpole Show,
Which (after all expenses had been paid)
Had benefited a deserving cause
To the extent of nearly twenty pounds.

Yet her own friends, content to nurse the sick,
To cheer the anxious and to bear each loss,
However deep it struck, dry-eyed and brave,
Looked down on Lady Frivol for her pains,
So, now I come to think of it, do I.

24.7.15

C. E. B.

THE BAND PASSES.

WITH martial trumpets braying
And drums that throb and roll,
I hear the music playing
A song that wakes the soul,
A song that holds a story
To brighten every eye,
The tale of England's glory,
As the band goes by.

As in a rhythmic chorus
Our feet together swing,
As these march on before us
Who serve their land and King,
Old cheeks are growing brighter,
Old heads are held more high,
And the weight of years grows lighter
As the band goes by!

And many a lad rejoices
To know his duty plain;
No more his comrades' voices
Shall call to him in vain.
For e'en though death may win him,
One thing will never die—
The soul that wakes within him
As the band goes by!

BOTHA'S GUNS.

GREAT guns are we and since our sights were laid
By "farmers" we could plough the Huns'
position.

Our might has been effectively displayed
And now we start upon a foreign mission.
We who have trekked with Botha day and night
Until his brief but glorious war was ended
Are longing for a chance to test our might
On trenches more efficiently defended.

Thousands of miles away across the sea
We have to journey to our destined labour
On plains where Britain fights for liberty
Shoulder to shoulder with her gallant neigh-
bour.

And Botha's men who strove not long ago
Against the Flag that now waves proudly o'er
them

Shall train us gladly on the common foe
And win new glory for the land that bore them.

In us the spirit of the Empire speaks;
The wide world shall re-echo to our thunder.
We voice the vengeance that the Mother wreaks
On those who strive to tear her sons asunder.
We are to all a portent and a sign
Of unity among her gallant warders
When men of every race and creed combine
To bring her succour from her distant
borders.

THE UNOFFICIAL "OFFICER."

He sports a faultless uniform,
Though not a soldier or a sailor.
His priceless swank is all his own
Though, if the cruel truth were known,
He hasn't even paid his tailor.

He doesn't wish to go and fight
In any dangerous position,
But still he has to make a show
To still the voice of scorn and so
He gave himself his own commission.

But yet some danger he must run,
And to those others who are serving
His chosen regiment or ship
He must contrive to give the slip,
Their presence being quite unnerving.

So day by day he swanks around,
Courting the plaudits of the many;
In him poor tradesmen put their trust
And often find to their disgust
He isn't worth a single penny.

And then the Provost Marshal comes,
Whose eye can pierce the best disguises,
And swiftly sees the wretch consigned
Where uniforms are of a kind
That no one very greatly prizes.

THE FLOWERS OF FLANDERS.

THOUGH Tipperary's distant
And so is Leicester Square,
And snipers, mines, and whizz-bangs
Provide our daily fare,
Yet in the first line trenches
That scarify the plains
We meet the little wild-flowers
That grow in English lanes.

They sit as tight as heroes,
Nor heed the foeman's fire:
They tell us of the country
That our hearts desire,
And we shall still remember,
When all our travail ends,
The little flowers of Flanders
That spoke of home and friends.

THE CONVALESCENT.

"FORTY-EIGHT hours on the ground," he said,

"Wounded twice by a shrapnel shell
And bullets whistling over my head.

Thirst? I could easily have drunk a well!
They gathered me in on the second day,
But what with the rain and my being hit
I got the ague there as I lay,
And it's broken my nerve a bit!

"Horse-gunners? Yes, but we'd got no chance
In a rotten bog like that with the guns.
You should see what it's like in Northern France,
Though it's just the same, of course, for the
Huns.

We did our bit in the trenches though,
Or working the field-guns now and then,
And whenever we got the word to go
You bet that we went . . . like men!

"Well, summer's coming to dry the ground,
And I'm praying to Heaven that I'll be there
To gallop the guns and to swing 'em round.

It'll be the time of my life, I'll swear!"
With a glint in his eye and his jaw set tight,
Ready once more to suffer and serve,
His pale cheek flushed at the thought of the
fight,

The man with the "broken nerve!"

BACK TO SERVICE.

It's an old Martini-Henry,
And it's seen a bit of wear,
Perhaps it's been in action,
Though I cannot tell you where,
But a British soldier used it
Ere its Army days were done,
And I think he sighed who swapped it
For a more new-fangled gun.

Its large and hefty bullet
Had no shining nickel skin,
Its kick was fairly useful,
And it made a tidy din;
But it often found the bull's-eye,
Or the vitals of the foe;
The Martini was a filbert
In the days of long ago.

Now they've scrapped its ancient barrel
For a mincing "22,"
And it's wonderful, I tell you,
What this ancient gun can do;
And we work it without ceasing,
From the Kitchener's recruit
To the citizen of fifty
Who is learning how to shoot.

THE FLYING BARD.

Gabriele D 'Annunzio has flown over Trieste scattering poetic messages
on the city.

OH, Gabriele! Would thy lot were mine
To soar aloft on archangelic wings
To cleave the skies and in the frenzy fine
Of him who of his loved Italia sings
To scatter shining pearls of poetry
Amid his kinsmen waiting to be free!

Yea, I would go to-morrow to the front,
Vowing myself of military age,
To spread myself on such a priceless stunt
As that in which you rapturously engage.
Floating my verses downward to the field
Where Britons bid the haughty foeman yield.

My fame, of course, is not as great as thine
Whose lamp of poesy shines bright and clear,
Yet were my warblings more than half divine
If I could get the proper atmosphere
And at a height of some ten thousand feet
I'm certain I could do the job a treat.

C. E. B.

OFF TO BUSINESS.

As the farm horse leaves the "binder"
For a field that's ploughed with shell,
And is reaped with sword and rifle
Of a crop we know too well,
So the motor-'bus that bore us
On our mild suburban way
May be speeding lads in khaki
To some Belgian town to-day.

Oh, there's never any stopping
To pick up a penny fare;
Though they regulate the traffic
There are no police traps there;
But the "Generals" of London,
If the tales I hear are true,
Are taking men to business
As they always used to do!

C. E. B.

21.8.15

THE INGRATES.

The latest German announcement is that liberty is to be brought to the oppressed subjects of the British Empire.

THE poor Australian groans aloud
Beneath the heavy British yoke;
Upon his shoulders, meekly bowed,
There falls the brutal driver's stroke.
Surely he turns his longing eyes
Across the trackless ocean wave
To where the German standard flies,
The emblem of the free and brave!

The tired Canadian drags his chain
That fetters him to England's strand;
He feels his very life-blood drain,
Sucked by the vampire Motherland.
Each crushed and tortured Indian chief
Hails the deliverance now begun,
And greets with undisguised relief
The advent of the gentle Hun!

Nay, but our servile Empire's might
Against her would-be friend is hurled;
These wretched slaves arise to fight
The liberator of the world.
Filled with a wild, ungrateful fire
Her sons flock home by every sea.
The things to which their souls aspire
Were never made in Germany!

R.N.A.S.

O weep not that the airman tears
Around in someone's high-powered car,
Nor that the burden that he bears
Recalls some shining chorus star.
Let those now old,
Whose hearts are cold,
Recall that youth will have its fling,
And that it likes this sort of thing.

A pretty Robin in a cage,
As Mr. Blake so truly wrote,
Will set all Heaven in a rage.
This is a fact that all should note.
For he who flies
Through pathless skies
Is very naturally keen
Upon a really fast machine.

Further, the man who may have flown
Unaided on his heavenly trip,
Fed up with being thus alone,
May long for sweet companionship.
The solitudes
Where none intrudes
May make him know the proper worth
Of social intercourse on earth.

C. E. B.

21.7.15

THE TICKET GIRL.

THE booking clerk is just as smart
As ever he can be;
But though he well fulfils his part,
He doesn't care for me.
He treats me, I am bound to say,
In an off-handed sort of way.

He throws my ticket out to me,
My wishes being known,
As if I were a dog, and he
Were chucking me a bone.
I never saw a person act
With a more utter want of tact.

But now the lady clerk is here
To serve me in his place,
And I can gaze, devoid of fear,
At her attractive face,
Because for me each maiden fair
Has always got a smile to spare.

And I shall ask, in gentle wise,
For that which I require,
And gaze into those limpid eyes
That set my heart on fire—
Regardless of the anger blind
Of those who surge and shove behind!

KITCHENER'S MAN.

SOME picture him with anguished brow
Among his weeping womankind.
The baleful hour has struck and now
He leaves the happy years behind.
He goes, for duty sounds the call;
'Tis his to keep our England free
From a devouring tyrant's thrall.
Alas! that it should be.

But I have seen him straight and strong,
His spirits obviously high,
Waving towards the cheering throng
That stands to watch him marching by.
His eye with martial ardour beams,
He cries, "Are we downhearted? No!!!"
Or chants that Tipperary seems
A long, long way to go!

His chin is high, his shoulders squared,
His heart is throbbing to the drums.
He knows his task and is prepared
To do his best, whatever comes.
When King and Country spoke their need
They did not have to ask him twice.
He speaks of "privilege" indeed,
Never of "sacrifice!"

TOUCHSTONE.

THE KAISER'S RATION.

SEE where the mighty Hun,
Yea, the All-highest one,
Second in rank to none
'Mongst all creation,
Bowing his kingly head,
Just as the poor is fed
Under his latest bread
Organisation.

Here where his Teuton kind
Scarce might expect to find
Meekness of heart and mind,
Modesty humble,
See we the kingly soul
Taking his daily dole,
Though, if he seized the whole,
No one dare grumble!

Then let us turn our eyes
Where, 'neath the Belgian skies,
Famished, a people cries,
Shorn of its riches;
Where, in a land defiled,
Wrecked by that monarch mild,
Mother and helpless child
Starve in the ditches!

The Kaiser's Ration—continued.

Aye, on a people weak,
Who have but dared to seek
Justice, thy legions wreak
Vengeance infernal.

Hark where from sea to sea
All the world haileth thee
Earth's greatest Pharisee,
Humbug eternal!

TOUCHSTONE.

24 2.15

A CURIOUS DREAM.

I WAS dreaming a curious dream last night
How the States and Mexico had a fight,
And the Mexicans sent a roving horde
To harry the border with fire and sword.
Towns were burned and women were slain,
'Twas the Huns in Belgium over again,
And the States swore loud, for their wrath
was great,

But Britain remained a neutral state.
Now some British property suffered too
At the hands of that barbarous "greaser" crew,
And Sir Edward Grey immediately sent
A Note to the Mexican Government.
The sincerest regard that Note expressed,
While it is hoped our grievance would be re-
dressed,

And it trusted no breach we should ever know
In our "cordial relations" with Mexico.
At that the American people spoke,
But just at that moment, alas! I woke,
So I cannot tell what they meant to say;
Dreams so frequently end that way!

26.2.15

C. E. B.

FRIENDSHIP'S DEBT.

Herr Dernberg has assured a New York audience that the Germans
are really very fond of the French.

HE loves you, France! That gentle Hun
On whom your wrath you now expend
Is, after all is said and done,
Most anxious to be called your friend.
For years he dreamed of coming west
And, when at last arrived the Day,
He threw himself upon your breast
In his own wild, impulsive way!

What if his entrance was at first
Perhaps a trifle rough and rude?
It was affection at the worst
That made him anxious to intrude.
His heart—Herr Dernburg says as much—
Is ever yours through good and ill;
Surely your own it ought to touch
To find him on your doorstep still!

Come, meet him in his own quaint way
And let your answer be as warm;
For imitation, so they say,
Is flattery's sincerest form,
So, valuing all else above
His interest in your affairs,
You shall dissemble all your love
And kick the fellow down the stairs!

KULTUR (SPRING FASHION).

THE land of Kultur loudly swore,
Her plump right hand to heaven raising,
That she would keep those rules of war
Which she herself had helped in phrasing,
To no infraction, great or small,
Would she at any time be lenient,
But she would strictly keep them all
(As long as this might be convenient).

But now she freely plays the Hun
And incidentally, the devil,
And "Better a foul blow than none,"
Aptly describes her moral level.
Frankly she casts the mask aside
And shows her pledge was false and hollow,
Because "it would be suicide"
To keep the law she vowed to follow!

But, still, a rather useful nerve
Before the nations she discloses,
Bidding all other lands observe
Such laws for them as she imposes!
Her blows are mean and underhand,
But you—a point she's sharp and terse on—
Must always follow her command,
Because you're not a cultured person!

THE CROWNING JOY.

Neutral military attaches who returned from a visit to the French lines, and who were twice shelled by the Germans, expressed themselves, according to a French paper, as being "delighted with the reception accorded them everywhere."

WE journeyed around the whole line,
And found it excessively long.
But, oh! our reception was fine,
And we're going remarkably strong.
The French gave us meals at the best of hotels,
And the Germans sent shells.

We were treated like princes in fact,
And we never had cause to repine.
We were treated with marvellous tact,
And even more marvellous wine;
And our joy was as great as the heart could
desire!
When the Huns opened fire!

We shall always remember our stay,
We shall speak of the trip to our wives;
For the French are unique in their way,
And they gave us the time of our lives.
But when we were heavily shelled by the Hun,
That captured the bun!

C. E. B.

STARS IN LONDON.

I STAND within the darkened street,
And gaze upon the starlit skies;
Mine own are raised aloft to meet
The glory of those shining eyes.
No more the glare of man-made day
Hides heaven's jewels from my view.
The splendour of each throbbing ray,
So old and yet so strangely new!

See Rigel at Orion's knee,
A lord among the lesser spheres.
His tireless light to win to me
Has travelled some five hundred years.
It left when Agincourt was won,
O'er million million leagues it hied
To find old foes against the Hun
In loving brotherhood allied.

How small, how infinitely small,
Appears our little human range
Compared with these that shine o'er all,
The steadfast stars that never change!
But while those shining founts of light
Sweep on as gods in fiery cars
We know those things for which we fight
Are high and changeless as the stars!

PRISONERS OF WAR.

THERE'S a captive who doesn't repine,
His smile is expansive and bland,
For he reads, and he smokes, and he talks and
he jokes,
And he lives on the fat of the land.
Let Britons look out for themselves,
We know how to honour a guest,
And, all others beyond, we are foolishly fond
Of our little grey Hun in the West.

Poor Tommy in Germany pent
May feel just a little bit sick.
There are Prussians, I ween, who are spiteful
and mean,
There are brutes he is longing to kick.
They have cut off his books and his pipe,
And his diet is not of the best.
But much comfort is brought (I don't think)
by the thought
Of our little grey Hun in the West.

18.3.15

C. E. B.

THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE.

Denise Cartier, the little Parisian girl whose leg was shattered by the bomb
of a German airman, displayed extraordinary fortitude
in her sufferings.

DEAR child of France, I never saw your face,
And never may, perchance, but this I know
That the good God has given you heart of grace
To bear the weight of that most cruel blow
Which robbed you, in a flash, of many joys
That life affords to little girls and boys.

Did the wing'd Hun who flew above your town,
Defiant of the pact his race had made,
And gaily rained his shameful missiles down,
Think to see Paris cowering and afraid?
Your fortitude, dear child, though torn and
maimed,
Might almost make a Teuton feel ashamed.

For when they found you there your earliest
thought
Was for your mother. She must not be told
How sadly you were crippled, and you fought
To conquer pain—at scarce thirteen years
old.

Sweet little stoic! France has naught to fear
While she bears children yet so brave and dear!

A TERRIBLE THREAT.

LITTLE Tommy had been naughty,
Which, alas, was nothing new;
Though by loving parents taught, he
Did the things he shouldn't do.
He unravelled khaki mittens,
Pulled his little sisters' hairs,
Set the dog to bite the kittens
And tobogganed down the stairs.

Father spanked him pretty freely
(As a father always should),
But the application reely
Didn't seem to do much good.
Tommy's spirits ever mounted
Upward as the lark will soar,
And his joys were not discounted
By the thought of ills in store.

Useless were the impositions,
Though they gave him not a few,
Till they checked his young ambitions
With the direst threat they knew,
One that smote that Cherub curly
Worse than slippers, worse than sums,
He must go to bed right early
On the night the Zeppelin comes !

A Terrible Threat—continued.

What? And never see it dropping
Bombs and miss the jolly fun?
Only hear the lively popping
Of the anti-aircraft gun?
Tommy sadly murmured "Father,
This, indeed, applies the lid!
And in future I had rather
Do exactly as I'm bid!"

12.1.15

C. E. B.

KULTUR IN THE TRENCHES.

Founded on the stories of luxury told by a German prisoner.

THE Germans in the trenches are as warm and
dry as toast,
The devil of monotony is what afflicts them
most,
But the comfort of their shelters would give
Tommy Atkins fits,
You might easily mistake them for the Carlton
or the Ritz.
They have plenty of old masters hanging up
on every wall,
Which they courteously exhibit to the visitors
who call;
They have lots of grand pianos and a ball-room
here and there,
And they shake a leg together when they have
the time to spare;
They have yellow plush settees where Tommy
hasn't even benches,
O! they simply roll in kultur do the Germans
in the trenches!

But when they hear us coming their pantech-
nicons are there
To shift their heavy baggage with celerity and
care.

Kultur in the Trenches—continued.

The pictures and pianos are all safely stowed
away,

The panels are dismantled, leaving only walls
of clay.

The Germans who remain there can no longer
take their ease

On crimson velvet rocking chairs or yellow plush
settees;

But when in such localities we plant our British
flags

We only find an enemy half starving and in
rags;

While all around are empty tins and horrifying
stenches—

They are such deceptive beggars, are the Ger-
mans in the trenches.

C. E. B.

THE SILENT SINGER.

THE bard may toil till he perspires
And flog poor Pegasus in vain,
The subtle note that he requires
Persistently eludes his brain.
A melody he fain would weave,
The very queen of soldier songs,
But somehow he can ne'er achieve
The goal for which he longs.

He sees the lads go swinging past
And on his eager ear there falls
The lifting cadence of the last
Great triumph of the music-halls,
And, somewhat to his own surprise,
He finds the simple homely note
Can bring glad moisture to his eyes,
A lump within his throat!

The Muse of whom he once was proud
Appears to-day a worthless jade;
In humbleness his head is bowed,
His very laurels seem to fade.
He stands upon Parnassus' height
Alone, forlorn, a useless thing,
Because it is not his to write
The songs that soldiers sing!

KING ALBERT, K.G.

NOT least among the honoured scroll
That holds the knightly Garter roll
Of ancient fame,
Amid the great of many lands,
Living and dead, to-day there stands
A new-writ name.

A gallant knight, indeed, and proud,
Whose kingly head was never bowed
To tyrant wrong,
Who drew his sword to guard the right,
Uncaring, though the unequal fight
Were fierce and long.

And we who worship freedom still,
His constancy through good and ill,
Can ne'er forget.
With him enrolled amid its band,
The noblest order in our land
Shows nobler yet.

ADDRESS TO A SOVEREIGN.

FAREWELL, my own true loved one,
The time has come to part,
There's a tear beneath my eyelid,
There's sorrow in my heart.
But ah! the word is spoken,
And you have got to go;
Away, away, you must not stay,
My golden Jimmy—O!

They'll bring me little Johnnie
With clean and smiling face,
I love to have him near me,
But none can fill your place.
A look so bright and shining
No other one can show,
None rings so true, my love, as you,
My golden Jimmy—O!

But England says she needs you,
And you must hear her call;
A big reserve is needed,
Lest English credit fall.
So to my bank I bear you
With laggard steps and slow.
Farewell, till war at last be o'er,
My golden Jimmy—O!

TO A DOVE

O DOVE, that cooest in the neutral Press,
I think I can identify thy cote;
The creed of peace which thou dost now confess
Is warbled on a strong Teutonic note.
Thou seest that ere long the German power
Must surely wane while foemen grow more
strong,
And dread of reckoning in the coming hour
Prompts thy monotonous and soothing song.

Thou hast essayed another kind of "coup,"
Which brought, indeed, some temporary gain,
But it is clear that carrying it through
Will test thy strength beyond the breaking
strain.

So thou wouldst have us think we cannot win
Where thou hast failed, and bidst us cease the
fray.

But are we going to be taken in?
Not, pray believe me, by a long, long way!

Advice that obviously comes from foes
We look upon with a suspicious eye.
We cannot tell thee when the strife will close,
But we shall hope to do so by-and-by.
So spare thy breath, and know that we at least
Are not downhearted, and a year of war
Finds our resources happily increased
And our resolve more earnest than before.

DREAMS.

Professor Dr. Albert Moll, of Berlin, declares that the Belgian stories of German outrages are due to collective hallucination.

How reassuring to be told

That Germany's impulsive sons,
Urbane, if most distinctly bold,

Do not deserve the name of Huns.
What of the tales of hideous guilt,

Writ in a nation's blood and tears,
Of children's blood most foully spilt,

A story told by those whose ears
Ring with the dying victims' screams?

"Dreams," says the Herr Professor, "Dreams!"

What of the burned and shattered town,

The ruin of each ancient fane,
The helpless unarmed men shot down,

The cruel death in lingering pain,
The foul abuse of mercy's sign

Which all men had agreed to own,
And, 'mid the reek of looted wine,

The drunken bullies lying prone?
The cultured Teuton sits and beams;

"Dreams," says the Herr Professor, "Dreams!"

Dreams—continued.

Shall we not trust our ears and eyes
Amid the battle's fog and din,
But gratefully accept the lies
So deftly woven in Berlin?
Nay, call us dreamers if you must,
But we shall hold our onward way
Until the tyrant bites the dust
And earth shall know a brighter day,
Wherein the memory of his schemes
Shall be no more than evil dreams!

7.9.14

TOUCHSTONE.

THE FATE OF LONDON.

A German writes to his daughter in England that it is sad to think of London
having been laid in ruins by Zeppelins.

LONDON Bridge is broken down,
If the Germans can be trusted.
Zeppelins have wrecked the town,
And the Mansion House is busted.
Now and then a bomb there falls
Where the Britons used to maffick,
And the ruins of St. Paul's
Notably obstruct the traffic.

Londoners begin to show
Curious troglodytic habits,
Rushing for the tubes below
Like a lot of frightened rabbits.
O'er the home of Stygian fogs
Hovers now the German vulture,
Raining death like cats and dogs
In the blessed name of culture.

Yet we are not much annoyed,
We reject the solemn warning.
Everything that is destroyed
Is rebuilt before the morning.
Even Huns will have to say
We are most distinctly clever,
Seeing London Town to-day
Looking much the same as ever.

A GIRL PORTER.

You filled a man's place and you did your bit
Like any soldier in the firing line,
And on the Roll of Honour shall be writ
Your name with fallen heroes as a sign
That sacrifice is not alone for those
Who dare the fury of relentless foes.

Death found you at your post as he has found
So many another in these days of war.
Some sudden peril of your daily round
Claimed you, and hurrying wheels that seized
and tore
Beat out your life, with none to hear your cry
Or tell the tale of how you came to die.

But this we know, that you have paid the claim
Of duty to your land in death's despite.
And sure your end shall bring some sense of
shame
To lads who yet prove laggards from the
fight.
Boasting they wait the loud commanding word
While duty's clearer call remains unheard.

17.8.15

C. E. B.

LISTENING POST.

OUT in the no-man's land, in the crater I lay
Close to their lines. There were voices there in
the dark.

"Good night, Friedrich—good luck!" I could hear
them say,

And he loomed up there for a moment, a useful
mark.

But I couldn't shoot and rouse two camps from
their rest.

Possible? Well, in a sense, but it isn't done.

So I crouched to the ground considering which
was the best,

To stick it or call it a wash-out—to stay or run.

Friedrich settled the matter, for down he came
And halted by me in the darkness, knowing no
harm;

And there as he stood—it was all in the laws of
the game—

Six inches of bayonet caught him under the
arm.

And Friedrich, the lusty, paused for a moment's
space,

Sat down like a man grown weary and stretched
and sighed,

And quietly, decently, there in that lonely place,

Not knowing the hand that had struck him
down, he died.

Listening Post—continued.

So we remained till the dawn broke cold and
chill,

I staring into the darkness and listening yet,
And I thought he seemed listening too as he lay
so still,

And I looked at the man I had killed with a
vague regret,
Till I spotted his rifle there with the sniper's
sight,

And knew what devil's business my thrust had
barred,

But I'm glad it is somebody else's turn to-night
To go and sit out by Friedrich, listening hard !

TOUCHSTONE.

6.10.15

PITY THE POOR POET.

THE poet sat with his head on the table,
He wanted to write, but he didn't feel able,
Because he knew to have lisped in numbers
Would have interfered with his needed slumbers.

But his muse was awake, and intent on working,
She didn't intend to allow such shirking;
She nudged his ribs and her tone grew hotter
As she called to him, "Hi! wake up, you
rotter!"

"Sing us a song of hope and glory,
A stirring verse or a martial story.
Sing us a song of home and beauty!
Get on, you slacker, and do your duty!"

The poet groaned, and in desperation
Attempted to cope with the situation.
Alas! 'twas vain, for he hadn't a notion,
And the wheels in his brain refused all motion.

A plague on muses and all such wenches!
He wishes himself in the first-line trenches.
It isn't that war is more exciting,
But 'twould be such a beautiful rest from writ-
ing.

C. E. R.

WOUNDED.

HE lies upon his bed of pain.

Despite of nurses deft and kind

He is unhappy; it is plain

That something weighs upon his mind.

Ask him his dearest wish to name,

And, smiling even on the rack,

He tells, without a trace of shame,

How he is anxious to get back.

Poor soul! What wonder he should yearn

With all a sick man's fierce desire

To home and kindred to return,

Deep in some peaceful English shire.

Right valiantly he played his part;

He gave his country of his best,

Nor blame him if to-day his heart

Sighs for a place of peace and rest!

But voice your thoughts and you shall see

A broader smile o'erspread his face.

You have, despite your sympathy,

Misunderstood the hero's case.

His words are simple, terse, and plain:

"Go home? A likely thing to do!

I'm wantin' to get back again

To see this bloomin' business through!"

THE IMPERIAL POSE.

The Kaiser while at Mayence used to visit the barracks at night and pose in a Napoleonic attitude among his sleeping soldiers.

WITHIN the barracks, where his sleeping Huns,
Snoring untunefully, lay rank on rank
Far from the boom of disrespectful guns,
Wilhelm, a victim to his love of swank,
Stood with arms folded, eager to be viewed
In his Napoleonic attitude.

O little soul that thus would ape the great
And strut on Europe's stage your extra turn,
You yet shall see the ruthless hand of fate
Descend on you and on your whole concern.
Therefore, if you would make the picture true;
Practice Napoleon after Waterloo!

C. E. B.

3.10.14

WORKSHOP WAR.

WORKER in the greasy slops,
Toiling hard by night and day
In the clangour of the shops,
You are fighting in a way.
Those with sterner work to do
Look across the sea to you!

Underneath your busy hands
Shape the messengers of death,
And your country's weal demands
Every pulse and every breath,
Every working of the brain,
Consecrated to her gain.

Every flying moment's waste,
Every unproductive hour—
Let the urgent truth be faced—
Means a loss of Britain's power,
Means some chance of victory gone
For the brave who still fight on.

In your hands are lives of men,
Lives of brothers, lives of sons!
Buckle to your labour, then,
Fashioning your shells and guns!
Men in khaki, though unseen,
Watch beside each gaunt machine.

TOUCHSTONE.

CONCERNING "DEUTSCHTUM."

IN Berlin where all Deutschtum is happy and
gay

They are fed with most wonderful lies,
They firmly believe all their newspapers say,
And far from despairing they drink to the Day

From mugs of remarkable size.

But Hans may be yet (so at least I have heard)
Feeling "fed" in a different sense of the word.

He is nursed upon self-satisfaction and pride

And the stories he heard in his youth,
How the conquering Teuton can ne'er be denied,
In fact all the fiction is freely supplied;

There's a shortage of nothing but truth.

And with "Gott Strafe England" he solemnly
greets

Each cultured but venomous friend whom he
meets.

He is made an allowance of bread and of
grain,

And his wrath he can hardly conceal;
But it doesn't amount to a physical strain,
And he hasn't yet suffered that horrible pain

Which he caused the poor Belgians to feel.
No, Hans is the gayest and brightest of men,
But when his poor Deutsch-tum is empty, what
then?

TO THE LOAFERS OF ENGLAND.

You with the cigarette in your mouth
And the cap pushed back on your head,
Is not the sluggish blood of you stirred
By the thought of your country's dead?
You who contentedly loaf at Lord's
With your small soul set on the game,
Is not the glory of war to you
As the brand of a burning shame?

You who can watch the picture shows,
You who lounge in the stalls,
You who can cheer when your country's flag
Is waved—at the music halls,
Is the tale of dead in the shell-swept trench
A matter beyond your ken?
Do you not think of the fighting line
As the only place for Men?

Are your steps too feeble to tread the path
That your fathers' feet have trod,
Because you were lapped in slothful ease
And worshipped self as a god?
As the victim waits for the butcher's knife
Will you hug your peaceful dream,
Till slaughtered at last by a jeering foe,
Like the fattened sheep you seem?

To the Loafers of England—continued.

The blood of your kinsmen calls you forth
To fight where they fell and died,
Your battered regiments bid you wake
And take your place at their side.
Yours is the best that the world can give
To labour there in the van,
Loafers of England, high and low,
For God's sake play the man!

32.8.15

C. E. B.

A BIRTHDAY ODE.

THIS is the Emperor's fete day,
Wilhelm to-day had birth.
Waft the glad news, ye breezes,
Over the listening earth.
Doth not the voice of the nations
Speak through the roar of guns,
Giving him royal greeting,
Wilhelm, Lord of the Huns?

Incense shall greet his nostrils,
Smoke of the ruined fane,
Smoke of the shattered homestead,
Smoke of the fire-swept plain.
Sacrifice earth shall make him,
Mother and maid and child,
Innocence, youth and honour,
Here in his name defiled.

Here shall a ravaged country
Tell of his worthless word;
There shall the tale of his vengeance
On a helpless folk be heard,
Yea, let the world acclaim him
Lord of the shard and steel,
He who would crush the nations
Under a ruthless heel.

A Birthday Ode—continued.

Fatherland, bow before him,
Hail him, your heart's desire,
He who hath left your honour
Trodden deep in the mire!
Yet is it doom or greeting
Roared by the circling guns,
To Wilhelm the King of Kultur,
Lord of the hosts of the Huns?

27. L. 15

C. E. B.

BILL'S LITTLE SISTER.

OUR Bill's been fighting out in France,
He used to drive a motor-'bus,
But now he hardly gets a chance
Of coming home to stay with us.
He often sends us home a card
All scribbled on and stamped and signed,
I know they work him awful hard,
But yet he doesn't seem to mind.

Bill was a private, at the start,
But he's a really sergeant now;
He says he only did his part,
And it surprised him anyhow.
But Bill is good and brave as well,
I'm sure he made the Kaiser run,
But then he never likes to tell,
Of all the splendid things he's done.

I always say if people knew
He would be sent for by the King,
But mother says it doesn't do
To think about that sort of thing.
She says that it is better still
If he's in rest-camp over there;
When she's so very fond of Bill
It's funny that she shouldn't care!

SUNDAY AT HOME.

THE young men go with lasses through the lanes,
By fields of ripened corn or stubble bare.
Young hands brought harvest home on creaking
wains,

And all the tale of terror and despair
And shell-scarred lands across the narrow sea
Seems like some dreadful nightmare phantasy.

Here, here is peace and plenty, love and life.
Shut out the vision of the bloody field,
Where England's bravest wage unequal strife,
Yet, knowing how to die, refuse to yield!
Forget the man who shields us with his breast,
Lest visions of his anguish break our rest!

Many have fallen still to keep secure
The land they loved. If others here remain,
Unwilling yet to suffer or endure,
Shall these not be allowed to reap the gain?
Shall they who gather in the full reward
Be shamefully compelled to draw the sword?

23.8.15

C. E. B.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

German writers protest against the "lies" circulated by the Allies and repeated in the Press of neutral countries, and are lost in wonderment over the fact that Germany has no friends left.

THE lies that appear in the neutral Press
Have made the scribes of the Fatherland sad,
Lies that originate more or less
In London and Paris and Petrograd,
But are spread afar on the wings of the wind,
While Kultured veracity lags behind.

Envious, no doubt, of the good and great,
The wicked Allies regard the Hun—
Would you believe it?—with downright hate,
And all for the righteous things he has done!
Hating their neighbour! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!
What terrible wickedness have we here!

When Belgium sprang at the Fatherland's throat
And strove to conquer that peaceful land,
The latter, all neutrals are asked to note,
Was forced to raise a protecting hand.
If Belgium suffered in her assault
It was certainly all King Albert's fault.

And now, if you please, they are telling lies,
Pretending that Germany started the war,
And the Huns look on with a pained surprise,
While the wrath of neutrals grows more and
more.

Alas! alas! it is plain to see
No one loves poor little Germany!

C. E. B.

MOBILISED.

DID you know Pietro—him of Saffron Hill,
Whose gaily painted and rococo cart
And luscious wares, most exquisitely chill,
Endeared him greatly to young England's
heart?

You must have seen the eager little crowd
That oft besieged him, clamouring aloud.

How he would smile and show his flashing teeth
To see his little customers rejoice,
While small, red tongues sought out the bliss
beneath!

How he would chant in his mellifluous voice
Of hokey-pokey, meet for lad and maid
And *dolce far niente* in the shade!

You did not think, perchance, in times of peace
Pietro was a soldier, trained to arms,
Who, when Italia's neutral days should cease,
Would know his sudden call in war's alarms,
And instantly forsake his gentle trade
To play his part with rifle and with blade.

Yet ever in his inmost heart there burned
Love of his country, love of liberty.
He yet remembered Istria, and he yearned
To strike the appointed blow and set her free.
Good luck be his, wherever he may go,
The latest champion 'gainst the common foe!

SICK LEAVE.

"Anyhow, I shall get June in England."—*Letter of a wounded officer.*

JUNE, gay June in England and the meadows
springing
Green and gold and white beneath a deep blue
sky,
June, dear June, in England when the birds are
singing,
And like a flock of straying sheep the clouds
go by!

June amid the roses and the borders glowing,
Bathed in golden glory of the sun's last ray,
Tinkle of the sheep bells and the brown kine
lowing,
Nights that hold the memory and promise of the
day.

Peace and rest in England after months of
yearning,
After strife and labour more than tongue can
tell,
Eyes grown dim with weakness to the old scenes
turning,
England after Flanders; Heaven after Hell!

C. E. B.

21.5.15

THE PASQUE FLOWER.

PULSATILLA growing on the hill,
Underneath a sky of paler blue,
Where the little winds are never still,
In the past strange nourishment you knew,
Growing, so our country folk have said,
Only where the blood of Danes was shed!

Here, too, was a camp of early days;
Earthworks of our ancestors remain,
Remnants of the hill-man's savage frays
When he fought invaders from the plain;
Chipped and broken instruments of flint
Of his early methods give a hint.

Now below the spur beyond the whin
Hear the modern spirit make appeal;
Khaki has replaced the coat of skin,
Flints are changed for rifle and for steel;
Pulsatilla, doesn't it seem strange
Hearing Tommy firing on the range?

Yes, our Britain's sons have surely known
Progress from beginnings that were crude,
Yet to-day her foemen have been shown
Altogether barbarous and rude;
May we never know their cruel tread
Where past generations fought and bled.

THE STORY OF THE BLANKS.

REGINALD Blank of Blankshire
Was heir to a large estate,
He had shown remarkable promise
As stroke in his college eight;
But Reginald's country called him,
And Reginald didn't wait.

Christopher Blank of Blank Street
Was only a working man,
Driving a pair of horses
Attached to a railway van;
Christopher took the shilling
As soon as the war began.

Sub-lieutenant and private,
They have played their part as men,
Holding the line unbroken,
One to the foemen's ten;
And Reginald's story closes
With the chaplain's last "Amen."

They buried him there at night time,
Under the weeping skies,
Heir to no earthly riches,
But the glory that never dies;
With a wooden cross above him,
To mark the spot where he lies.

The Story of the Blanks—continued.

Christopher still is fighting,
Battered and worn, but game,
One of a band of heroes,
Where only the few may claim
The cross or the shining medal
Of individual fame.

And here in our sheltered island
Men talk of the victors' bays
Who have shut their ears to the warning
Of need in the coming days,
Contented with mere lip service
And a babble of empty praise.

But the men who fight in the trenches,
The dead men under the sod,
Ever on these are calling
To follow the path they trod;
And the selfish prayer of the sluggard
But mocks at the ear of God!

THE VISION OF ANGUS McNAB.

As he sat at the fire and warmed his toes
Angus McNab fell into a doze,
And he found himself on a stricken field
Where the thunderous voice of the cannon
 pealed,

He sees the Camerons, sore beset,
Wounded and bloody, but fighting yet;
Shattered and maimed by that hellish fire,
Yet filled to the last with a fierce desire
To keep the post from the Prussian horde,
Wave on wave like a flood outpoured.
Man by man the Camerons fall,
But our guns are silent throughout it all.
Up dashes a panting gunner and yells:
"Shells! for the love of God, man, shells!"
"Nay," says Angus, "ye're in ma power
And I want ma extra twopence an hour!"
"Man, are ye mad?" the gunner said.
But a Prussian bullet smote him dead,
And the flowing tide of the men in grey
Steadily kept its onward way.

.

Angus McNab awakes with a start,
For it seems as if something had clutched his
 heart.

The Vision of Angus McNab—continued.

Swiftly he reaches his coat and hat,
“Eh, but there’ll be nae mair o’ that!”
On he races with never a stop
Till he comes to the door of the idle shop.
He thinks of the wasted days gone by
And hears the challenging striker’s cry,
“Whaur are ye gaein,’ ye dirty scab?”
“To wark . . . for ma country,” says Angus
McNab.

3-3-15

C. E. B.

THE CHRISTIANS.

The story of two soldiers of the Black Watch on which these lines are written was published by the *Manchester Guardian* on the authority of an officer who witnessed the incident.

NIGHT, black night, on the plain
And out of the darkness a voice,
A voice of anguish and pain,
Calling and calling again
From the no-man's land of the fray
Where side by side with his comrades slain
A wounded Cameron lay.

They were two Hieland men
That spoke to their captain then,
"Eh! but he's callin' sair,
We must gae oot tae the lad, ye ken,
Sae lang he's been bidin' there!"
But the captain shook his head,
"It is death, my lads," he said.
"Nevertheless, if ye needs must go,
God knows I ha' never a man to spare
But I will not say ye no!"

"Aye, but we'll no be lang!"
And they crept out into the night,
Lost to hearing and sight,
Save when a sudden enemy flare
Flamed in a burst of brilliant light,
And showed them, a target full and fair,
Where the bullets ripped and rang.

The Christians—continued.

Silence again—but hark!
A whisper low and clear,
Tall forms loom up in the dark:
“But, lads, whom have ye here?”
“Eh, sir, naught but some German loon.
An officer-body ’twad seem tae be,
That cried sae sad as we creepit doon
That we’d no the hairt tae be leavin’ him there.
And him that is young tae dee!
Look ye, he’s nae sae bad
But he’ll win through yet wi’ a bit o’ care.
Tak’ him, for we must be back aince mair,
Tae fetch yon Cameron lad!”

O! hearts that are lion-brave,
Yet as a woman’s kind.
O! hands that are strong to save.
O! eyes that might yet be blind
To the devil’s work of a ruthless horde,
To your wounded, butchered by plain and hill,
To the blow of the butt in the upturned face,
Where the light of life was flickering still.

O! men who can yet forgive,
Yours is the tale of a conquering race,
Which has brought full many a tyrant low.
But brighter than feats of arms shall live,
The fame of those nobler deeds of grace
To a wounded and helpless foe.

C. E. B.

ONE CLASS THAT PAYS.

Miss Agatha Smith was not much blessed
With this world's goods, and she never hid it.
I'm told that the sum upon which she dressed
Would have kept you wondering how she did
it.

She had many a trouble to battle with,
But a brave little lady was Agatha Smith.

Her years don't matter; but if I say
That she was nineteenth century purely,
And her hair was white where it wasn't grey,
That is enough for our purpose, surely.
To pry into poor Miss Agatha's age
Would only sully our genteel page.

Somehow or other she made ends meet,
But the task was hard, and it grew still
harder
When they put up the prices of bread and
meat
And most of the things that fill the larder.
But war is war, as Agatha said,
And one ought to be thankful for even bread.

One Class that Pays—continued.

The taxes were heavy enough before,
But the national war-chest needed filling;
And Agatha paid from her humble store,
Nor ever was taxpayer found more willing.
As she always put it, "It's only right
That people should pay if they cannot fight."

She had no contracts to sell or buy
And build up a fortune by rapid stages.
She was "independent," and could not try
The pastime of striking for higher wages.
She was poor, and she paid. Which should
make us feel
That it isn't the hardest hit who squeal.

C. E. B.

16.3.15

THE BLASPHEMER.

"THE Germans have no special tribal god."

It was a Strassburg pastor spoke the word,
Scarce knowing what a dangerous path he trod,

For all the priests of Teuton Baäl heard,
And set about for means to trip his feet
Who was so blasphemously indiscreet.

No special god? Who gave the Fatherland

Her Krupp, her Zeppelin? At whose decree
Did she stretch forth a large but cultured hand

To grasp the Trident and to rule the sea,
And, when the British Navy gave her beans,
Provided her with pirate submarines?

Could a proud nation share its deity

With lesser folk, with Briton and with Frank,
With Serb and Russian? That might hardly
be.

The Christians' God is one of lower rank
Than he to whom are piled the heaps of slain,
The smoking altars of destroyed Louvain.

And yet no law had been devised to touch

This vile blasphemer. It had ne'er been
thought

That Baäl's own Fatherland could harbour such,
But, by good hap, a further ill he wrought.
He tended wounded Frenchmen! Good for Baäl!
They seized the wretch and clapped him into
gaol!

THE SOLDIER'S LAMENT.

The discussion on "protective" uniforms suggests that khaki might be usefully replaced by something striped or spotted.

THEY took me out o' me scarlet,
Which same was smart enough,
An' togged me out for the fightin'
In a dismal khaki stuff;
So the enemy shouldn't see me!
"An lucky for them!" I said,
"It's a kind of a rig," I told 'em,
"I wouldn't be seen in dead."

But, "better to live in khaki,
Than die for a swanky show."
That's what they used to tell me,
An' I've come to see it's so.
For I kep' me chin up proper,
An' played the game from the start,
An' I found that togs is a detail,
As long as the man is smart.

But, mark you, I think there's limits
Which same should be kep' in mind,
When you're talking of kit for sojers
Of a wholly invisible kind.
I'm willin' to serve me country,
But dammit I won't be hid
By stripes like a peppermint bull's eye,
Or spots like a measly kid!

THE KING IN FRANCE.

HE come, just quiet like, one day,
He never made no blooming fuss,
But like as if he wished to say
A cheery how-de-do to us.
Some doesn't seem to know a King
Can be a kind of comrade, too.
But that's the very sort of thing
That makes us serve him good and true.

There's some as can't uphold their rank
Without an awful lot of chat
And putting on a sight of swank,
But, bless him, he ain't built like that.
The sight of him will brace your nerve,
And if, as certain parties tell,
Folks gets the rulers they deserve,
We must have done uncommon well.

2.12.14

C. E. B.

THE SIGNALLER.

I WANTED to wag a bit of a flag
But not in a mafficking way.
There's time for that when the Hun's popped flat
And work gives place to play.
And the sergeant chap with the flags and map,
He ups an' he says to me,
"We'll learn you the game, and you'll find that
same
Is as easy as Ak Beer C."

An' I says "'A.K.' I've had in my day,
And Beer is a word I know,
And I've seen the sea where our Dreadnoughts be,
And the submarines below.
But what you mean I'm hanged if I glean."
But he only says to me,
"When you've got the trick of wagging the stick
It's as easy as Ak Beer C."

So now it's my turn for to try to learn
A sort of a wireless stunt,
And waggle the code in the latest mode
At somewhere up at the front.
For haven't I heard the sergeant's word
"It's as easy as Ak Beer C?"
And I needn't fear; if it's easy as Beer,
'Twill be easy enough for me!

5-3-15

C. E. B.

NOTE.—In order to prevent errors certain letters in the signallers' alphabet are re-christened. Thus "A" becomes "Ak," "B" becomes "Beer," "D" becomes "Dun," and so forth.

TOMMY'S PAL.

PIOU-PIOU he's a ducky, and I like his saucy bags,
Though a week or two of Flanders-in-the-Clay
Makes the brightest togs look rather like a suit o'
khaki rags,
But the togs is not the sojer anyway.

We have done our bit beside him, and he sticks it
mighty well,
As any jolly Briton ought to know,
Remembering how cheerfully we gave each other
hell
In the bright and breezy days of long ago!

We have been in tightish places past the shadow
of a doubt,
We have sometimes been outnumbered ten to
one,
But one of us has come along and helped the
other out,
And glad to have a chance to share the fun.

We're a likely combination, we're a cordial intent,
We mean to beat the Bosches and we shall.
So here's a health to Piou-Piou, he's a sojer and a
gent,
And I never want to meet a better pal!

C. E. B.

CAVALRY.

We have waited all the winter for our chance,
Doing duty in the trenches now and then ;
When we couldn't ride in Flanders or in France
We have played our part as mudlarks and as men.
We were willing for the job we had in hand,
Though the Huns were just as uppish as you
please,
But we longed for months together
For the creaking of the leather
And the feeling of a horse between our knees !

But the sun and wind are drying up the plain,
Where we floundered in a yard or so of mud ;
Terra firma has a meaning once again,
And we feel like Father Noah in the Flood
When he set his foot on mother earth once more,
And the waters were subsiding all around.
For it's hey ! for boot and saddle
And a regiment a-straddle
And a canter on a bit of solid ground !

There is music in the jingle of the bit
And the merry ring of hoofs upon the track ;
We have somehow kept our horses pretty fit,
And, my word, they take a lot of holding back !
We have waited all the winter for our chance,
And we don't expect a picnic all the way ;
But when French rings up the curtain
You can take the fact for certain
We shall do our little bit upon the day !

FISTS IN THE TRENCHES.

WE 'ad got a bit mixed in the trenches,
There wasn't no room for to spare,
And the terrible crush in the mud and the slush
Was more than a party could bear.
I 'ad two or three middling-sized Bosches
A-standing a-top o' my toes,
And when one made too free with 'is baynit
with me
I lands 'im a dunt on the nose.

There's persuasion, I know, in a baynit,
Which same it is 'ard to resist,
But w'en mixed with a Bosche in a regular
squash
You can't beat a smack with the fist.
The German's no use as a boxer,
Not 'andy enough with 'is paw.
W'ile 'e's messin' about he'll be fair down and
out
To a thunderin' smack on the jaw.

They say we are nailers at shootin',
W'ich it isn't for me to deny,
But it's far better fun to be droppin' your gun
And givin' the Bosche a fat eye.
Yes, that's how the thing would be settled
If men wasn't idjuts and fools,
And we'd alter the map by a nice little scrap
Fought out under Queensberry rules!

MUD ON THE MARCH.

THEY took us for a route-march,
And, Lord! but it was dark;
They kept on sayin' "Pick it up!"
To keep us to the mark.
The mud was most outrageous,
But still we went it blind,
Though one or two of us got stuck
And left our boots behind!

Don't talk to me of Flanders,
Because I tell you plain
There's nothing stickier abroad
Than just an English lane.
With rivers in the ditches,
And black stodge in between,
And ruts that catch your ankles where
The heavy carts have been.

Don't talk to me of Flanders;
It's Flounders right enough,
But you must foot it straight ahead
To show that you're the stuff.
For soldiers must be cheerful,
And if they hear you frown
They may extend the company
And tell you to lie down!

ARMY ORDNANCE CORPS.

"O WHERE are you off to, my soldier in khaki,
And what are you doing across the salt sea?"
"Oh, I'm nothing and nobody, mister, so harkee,
You're wasting your time in a-questioning me!"

"Will you fight at the front where the boldest
cheek blanches,
Where big Black Marias come thundering down;
Will you freeze o' cold nights in the rain-sodden
trenches,
Or charge through the wreck of some shell-
shattered town?"

"Lord love ye, my duty ain't half so excitin',
For life at the base is a humdrum affair,
It's little we see of the glory and fightin',
But, still, we have lashin's of work and to spare!"

"But if you aren't fighting both daily and nightly,
You surely must keep at the heel of the hunt?"

"Oh, no, for I'm Harrod-cum-Selfridge-cum-
Whiteley,
Providing the goods for the lads at the Front."

"But surely the Service Corps brings them their
'bully,'

The corn and the hay that their horses require?"

"Oh, yes, but I clothe them so warm and so
woolly

With all that the hearts of cold soldiers desire.

Army Ordnance Corps—continued.

“I fit them all out with most elegant trifles,
With bombs and with bullets to pepper the
Huns,
With bridles and bayonets, saddles and rifles,
And shrapnel confetti to fire from the guns.

“I bring them the big boots that fit them so neatly,
The tunics and putties all khakily dyed,
And keep the machinery running so sweetly.
To mention a want is to have it supplied.”

“Then surely, O! soldier, the bard shall acclaim
you,
Your name and your station, say what may they
be?”

“Oh, let it alone, and they never will blame you,
For nobody hears of the poor A.O.C.!”

29.12.14

C. E. B.

THE NEWEST WEAPON.

THE baynit in the open it 'as its use no doubt,
It is a joy to 'eave it up and knock the Bosches out,
And if the thrust should fail you you 'ave always
got the butt
W'ich you swing it out and under in a sort of
upper cut.

I love to use the baynit w'en there's lots o' room
to spare,
But working down the trenches is a different affair,
For dodgin' round a traverse jest to pass the time
o' day
With the Bosches you've been bombin' it's a trifle
in the way.

It is there the knife is 'andy in a rough and tumble
fight.
The Frenchies they 'ave tried it an' they say it's
quite all right,
For before the baynit merchant has been able to
protest
You are in between his ribs with sev'ral inches of
the best.

"As you shorten up your weapons, so your Empire
will extend,"
As I 'eard of a philosopher remarkin' to a friend,
And there's truth in that same statement, for the
closer to the foe,
Why, the harder you will 'it him and the further
you will go.

A VOICE FROM THE TRENCHES.

AT Blank, in Flanders, where I'm set
To dodge the shells from day to day,
The Bosches piebald parapet
Is only just across the way.
But though I'm here to fight and win,
To me (the party on the spot)
The yarns some English papers spin
Do seem the most amazing rot.

The Bosch he is a loathsome beast,
He plays each dirty trick he can,
But I must own he has at least
The spirit of the fighting man.
"Ascendancy?" I wish we had;
But that's a scribbler's parrot cry.
I'd like that gay and cheery lad
To take my place and have a try!

Don't think I'm grouching. Not a bit!
We mean to see this business through!
But how can we get on with it
Unless we get the help from you?
Don't cram yourselves with fairy-tales
About the qualms the Bosches feel,
But chuck your blessed strike in Wales
And put your shoulders to the wheel!

AN AIR DUEL.

THAT spot in the sky's a German " tawb "
 (You can hear the dove a-cooing),
With a couple of Huns to spot our guns
 And find what our lads are doing.
He may carry a bomb or two to drop
 As a kind of a recreation,
But wherever he's flown he's been always known
 By his thirst for information.

The " tawb " is a timid bird and shy.
 There's a " B.E." gone to meet him.
You'll see how he'll turn and show his stern
 When our craft goes out to greet him.
But he's just too late to escape his fate,
 For our chaps have got above him,
And he's back to the south with his heart in his
 mouth,
 For he knows that our boys don't love him !

He staggers and trips and dives and dips
 While the bullets sing around him.
See there! See there! They have got him
 fair,
 For there's one at least that's found him !
He's down and out in the British lines ;
 He was just a bit too clever,
And his pals that spy from the distant sky
 Will be bashfuller now than ever !

ROUTE MARCHING.

GOOD old foot slog
In ammunition boots,
That's the sort of picnic
That tries the new recruits.
Oh, our hearts are right enough,
But our feet are sore,
Now we've done a dozen miles,
How many more ?

Good old foot slog,
Carrying a gun,
After half an hour it weighs
Close upon a ton.
My, it makes your shoulder ache !
Still we're getting on,
Never know the beggar's there
When a month has gone.

Good old foot slog,
Tramping day by day,
Still we're getting hard as nails,
Hard as K. of K.
Each of us a Johnny Raw,
Wait and you shall see,
Half a million fighting men,
Fit as fit can be !

BAYONETS.

THE shells are wailing overhead,
The big guns answer from the sea,
The dykes are dammed with shattered dead
That yesterday were men like me.
Here in the shallow trench we lie
Until the long day's work is done,
While shrapnel, bursting in the sky,
Searches us out, respecting none.

Lord! But they throw their men away!
In reeking swathes we mow them down.
No need of aiming, Bisley way:
We simply blaze into the brown.
They stream across the narrow flood,
They blunder on through marsh and fen,
The sluggish dykes run red with blood
But still they stick to it like men!

And now we're up and out and on!
Never you heed the men who tell
The day of good cold steel is gone,
Though guns may make a tidy hell.
Before the charge they turn and fly,
We have them going good and fast,
Just as it did in days gone by
The bayonet conquers at the last!

MICHAEL O'LEARY, V.C.

HAVE you heard of Mike O'Leary
Of the Cuinchy barricades,
Held by half a score of Germans
With their bullets and their blades ?
How he took them at the double
With his bayonet and his gun,
Though themselves had got the cover
And the odds were ten to one ?

Sure the Huns were quite dumbfounded
And to bolt they felt inclined,
But O'Leary smote them grievous
And they had to stay behind !
Faith his manner was so pressing
That they couldn't say him nay,
For St. Michael he was fighting
With his Irish lad that day !

Two prisoners he captured,
But eight had gone to rest,
And soon he will be wearing
The Cross upon his breast.
And I hear the shades tumultuous
Of the ancient Irish bards
Crying, " Slainte ! Mike O'Leary
Of King George's Irish Guards ! "

A CAVALRY CHARGE.

"INTO it! Into it! Into it! Into it!"

Chorus the hoofs in their rhythmical thundering.
Trooper and charger, we're making a sprint to it,

Now for the hacking and slashing and sundering!
Snarling machine-guns are vomiting lead at us,

Little white smoke-clouds of shrapnel are
topping us;

Hell's hottest corner is blazing ahead at us!

Faith, it'll take more than that to be stopping us!

Look at the colonel, he's riding so straight to it,
Just as he followed the hounds with the best of
'em.

He never looked for a place with a gate to it;

He will be in at the death with the rest of 'em.

Horses are falling and comrades are lost to us.

Well, we'll have plenty of Prussians to show for
'em!

Never a man who will reckon the cost to us

While there's so much as a trooper to go for 'em!

Here, on our flank, are the Frenchies who ride
with us

(Like a red rag is the sight of a Hun to them),
Vowing, I'll swear, as they sweep side by side
with us

Vengeance for all the invader has done to them.
Out on the hounds who are burning and plundering!

There lies our goal and be sure we shall win to it.
O! but it's music our hoof-beats are thundering,

"Into it! Into it! Into it! Into it!"

THE BOLD GRENADIER.

O! THE bold Grenadier is a stranger to fear,
As his forefathers were in the past;
His bearskin of pride he has laid it aside
And his tunic of red has been cast.
But mark how he goes for his grey-coated foes
With his handful of visiting cards,
And how steady his aim at the Huns with the
same.

It's a way that they have in the Guards!

His pals are outrun; they are fifty to one
The foes who are facing him there;
But they all feel afraid of the giddy grenade,
And he seems to have plenty to spare.
Better put up their hands ere the weapon expands
In a myriad murderous shards;
So they yield on the spot and he captures the
lot.

It's a way that they have in the Guards!

He was smart on parade, where a soldier is made,
And he had to form fours in a flash;
He gripped with a will that immaculate drill,
And he learned ceremonial—and dash.
The weapon of old it delights him to hold,
Though its range is a matter of yards;
And whatever the test he's the best of the
best.

It's a way that they have in the Guards!

TOMMY'S ORCHESTRA.

According to "Eye-Witness" our soldiers at the front suffer greatly
from a dearth of mouth-organs.

THERE'S no room in a funk-hole
For a regimental band :
The swankiest of trenches
Wouldn't take a "baby grand."
But when one isn't potting
At the Huns across the way
It cheers a chap most wonderful
To hear the music play.

The giddy, gay mouth-organ
It fills the bill a treat ;
It makes you stamp and shuffle
Which is good for frozen feet.
You couldn't call it classic,
When all is said and done,
But it's a potted orchestra
And chorus all in one.

A chap can breathe his feelings
Right into its inside ;
It calls up pleasing pictures
Of a party's own fireside ;
So, if you'd do a service
To us out Flanders way,
Just send us out a gross or two
And let the music play !

THE PHILOSOPHER IN THE TRENCH.

'Oo wants my bit of bloomin' ditch,
W'erein I nightly stand an' freeze,
W'ich keeps on cavin' in and w'ich
Is mud and water to your knees?
Bar 'Uns, I would be glad and gay
To give the blarsted thing away!

Likewise the 'Un, I'm game to bet,
Ain't set on 'is partikler trench.
'E's fair fed up with gettin' wet,
An' if it wasn't for the French
An' British settin' over there
'E'd like to cut the 'ole affair.

An' yet the 'Uns and us we fight
To pinch each other's bloomin' drains,
Chargin' like mad or settin' tight,
Till not a man of us remains.
It's most ridic'lous, but it's war,
An' that was wot we 'listed for!

And, any'ow, although I feel
No sort o' love for 'Uns and such,
I felt last time we give 'em steel
They wasn't losin' very much,
An' in their 'earts they was, no doubt,
Grateful to us wot dug 'em out!

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

This so remarkable letter on a battlefield uppicked the real feeling of the British private soldier demonstrates. Its publication by the Berlin Official News Bureau is authorised. The words parenthesised are of some obscurity, but apparently are exclamations of a disgustful kind.

OUR sojers they was weepin'
The night we went away
For someone whispered we was off
The Germans for to slay.
To shoot them cultured Bosches
Would make a Briton shrink
And so our 'earts was sad to go
(I *don't* think).

An' when we met them blighters
Of course we turned and ran,
An' Tubby French 'e shouted out
"All save theirselves as can ;"
An' when the big Jack Johnsons banged
We didn't cheer and larf
An' pump the Bosches full o' lead
(No, not arf).

An' w'en our foes retreated
We knowed we couldn't win
For they was out, that artful like,
To lure us to Berlin.
But touch that 'ome of culture ?
We'd rather far be shot ;
We simply worship Kaiser Bill
(P'raps, p'raps not).

T. A.

SOME say that Thomas Atkins was a hero of the
Mutiny,
But others hold this pleasant tale will not submit
to scrutiny.
One writer on the name is very anxious to
derive it
From instructions upon filling forms relating to a
private.
But as Shakespeare once reminded us, there's little
in a name,
And if Tommy had been Jimmy we'd have loved
him just the same.

He's a duck and he's a daisy, he's the chap the
Germans thunder at
With 17-inch howitzers and scratch their heads
and wonder at.
He is great on sitting tight, but when he's moving
there is trouble,
For he loves to hear "Fix bayonets and forward
at the double."
He's the usefulest of veterans, the best of new
recruits,
And the smartest chap that ever trod in ammu-
nition boots !

C. E. B.

28.9.14

MORE ABOUT T. A.

HE doesn't know the German kind of drill,
His ideas are more original than strict,
On tactics he is less enlightened still,
At least he never knows when he is licked.
You may hammer him as fiercely as you please,
And he doesn't seem to care a single pin ;
It is when you think you've got him to his
knees
That you'll find the real performance will
begin.

When the books have made it plain he should
retire,
Being heavily outnumbered in the fight,
He will calmly face a devastating fire,
And amuse himself by sitting extra tight,
When he ought to be a wretched nervous wreck
He is hugely and preposterously fit ;
And it's mostly when you get him in the neck
That you find that he is absolutely " it."

C. E. B

3.11.14

THE BATTLE OF THE DINNER HOUR.

Vide "Eye-Witness's" Account of the
Fight at Neuve Chapelle.

We had give the Bosches hell
With our high explosive shell,
And our shrapnel and our Maxims and the rest
of it.

We had got 'em fairly done,
And they had to turn and run,
For the little British Army had the best of it.

We turned 'em up and out,
It was something like a rout
When we reached their blessed line and fairly lay
on it.

They can fight a bit, I know,
But they feel they have to go
When Tommy comes prospecting with his bayonet.

They dined off British steel,
But we halted for a meal
In the trench they was so kind as to vacate for us.
There was rum and there was beef
Which was good past all belief,
For our cooks they always keep a tidy plate for us.

The Battle of the Dinner Hour—continued.

We was fairly tucking in
When we heard a shocking din ;
There was Bosches, and there seemed no blooming
end to 'em.
There was hardly time to fire,
And we had to sound " retire ! "
Till we pulled ourselves together to attend to 'em.

Well, the boys was fairly mad,
And the Bosches copped it bad,
In a jiffy I can tell you we was back again ;
But, I'm jiggered, when we come
There was not a drop o' rum,
And we never saw our tasty little snack again !

We are swearing at 'em yet,
It's a day we shan't forget,
But the greedy Bosches never had a thinner time,
And I'll bet we made 'em sick
Of the nasty dirty trick
Of attacking Tommy Atkins at his dinner time.

19.3.15

C. E. B.

THE SEVENTY-FIVE.

YOU may talk of the hulking Jack Johnsons
Which are chucked day by day at our trench,
But for heavy guns give me the British,
And for lighter work give me the French.
Our field guns are toppingly handled,
You should just see our gunners let drive,
But the French make it hot when they get on
the spot
With the wonderful "75."

Year in and year out they've been firing,
They've practised from morning till night.
They knew that the Bosches were coming,
And wisely prepared for the fight.
When they send out a box of confetti,
They know where the gift will arrive,
And there's never a chance of successful advance,
In the face of the "75."

You can put up a *sous* on the gun-wheel,
And blaze till you're black in the face,
But when your last round is expended,
That coin will be still in its place.
It's a nice docile beast to its masters,
But still it's distinctly alive,
Ask the Huns what they hate, and they'll answer
you straight.
"British steel and the "75."

SILENCE AND DISDAIN.

In a *Times* Agony advertisement "Silent One" informs "Disdain" that she may in the near future regret her sneer at one who, without ostentation, is contributing his quota to the national effort.

O! SILENT ONE, my sympathy is thine !
I, too, have suffered the disdainful glance
Because I am not in the firing line
At Plug Street or some other Place in France.
Matron and maiden look at me askance ;
So youthful is my port, so blithe my air,
They rank me with the worms who shun their
 chance
Of going nobly forth to do and dare.

I, too, am silent, though the voiceless jeer
 Strikes to my heart a petrifying chill,
I never plead I am a Volunteer,
 Doomed to form fours at my stern sergeant's
 will,
Or march by night, most commonly uphill,
Nor that my stiffened and rheumatic frame
 Suffers the awful pangs of Swedish drill,
But O! I suffer keenly all the same !

Could fair Disdain but see me forming line
 With the remainder on the greasy sward,
Beneath those cruel orders, " Left incline ! "
 And " Double march ! " all pitilessly roared,
Perchance her ladyship might e'en afford
To rank the bard heroic souls among ;
 But, though her glances smite me as a sword,
I only grit my teeth and hold my tongue !

A SOLDIER IN WAITING.

HIS rifle will never lay out a Hun ;
No weapon of precision this, in truth !
In point of fact it is a dummy one
Like that he shouldered in his early youth,
But with its aid he labours day by day
To slope his "hipe" and smartly "stennat—hay !"

Unnumbered with the forces of the King
He yields the leisure hours to learn his drill,
Which once he gave to practising his swing
Or deftly putting down the nimble pill,
And toils at forming fours with anxious care
That when his country calls he may be there.

He knows not what the future has in store,
But he is ready for the task assigned,
Whether it be to guard his native shore
Or duties of a less exciting kind.
Slackness to him permits of no excuse ;
His one ambition is to be of use.

Khaki, in days to come, shall be his wear
And he shall sport a rifle that will shoot.
His chin well up, his military air
Shall show him other than a mere recruit.
So, when at last he plies a soldier's trade
His toil and waiting shall be well repaid.

ON PARADE.

O! FEET, that through some five-and-forty years
Have lent me unconditional support,
Why should ye merit my commander's jeers
On that parade to which I now resort,
Hoping to capture still
Some small degree of military skill?

A burly sergeant drilled us in our youth,
Ere ever soldiers turned on heel and toe.
His words seem graven on your soles, in sooth
Ye still recall those days of long ago,
When his percussive shout
Brought us so smartly to the right about!

"Right heel, left toe—one, two!" Like that, O!
feet.

This is no case for individual choice;
Here perfect self-surrender is most meet,
But yet, whene'er ye hear that ringing voice
Exclaiming, "About turn!"
Back goes a heel and spoils the whole concern!

Or worse, in clumsy wise ye shuffle round,
Panicked, unsoldierly, as ye would try
To fill my captain with disgust profound,
While casual men in khaki standing by,
Bend almost to the earth
In paroxysms of unholy mirth!

ROPE DRILL (V.T.C.)

I'M one end of the clothes-line,
The other end is Brown,
We represent a full platoon
Parading up and down,
And "Form fours—left!" they bellow,
But that is just their fun,
It's hopeless forming fours with two,
It simply can't be done.

But still we "Left" instanter
As one (or two) we wheel,
A high degree of tact and skill
Our movements all reveal,
For thus in giving orders
They train our budding hopes,
That these, like us, in course of time
May come to know the ropes.

And when at length they halt us,
And dress us by the right,
Brown simply has to edge away
Until the rope is tight.
The Guards could not be smarter,
Our dressing is immense,
I wish that Kitchener could see
Our (clothes) line of defence!

V. D. F.

WE'RE the Volunteer Defence Force, and we're
getting rather grey,
The sergeant wouldn't take us for the fight
across the way.
But if Britain is invaded we shall have a word
to say,
As we go marching on!

Chorus:

Every man of us is willing,
Every man is keen on drilling,
Though we never get a shilling,
As we go marching on!

The people up at Whitehall try to keep us in our
place,
In fact the bland officials almost say it to our
face
That we're nothing to be proud of, but a bit of
a disgrace,
As we go marching on!

Chorus:

Still we can't expect a bright time,
Left, right, left—O! keep the right time.
Aren't you glad that it's the night time.
As we go marching on!

V. D. F.—continued.

We mustn't call our leaders by the names that
soldiers do,
There mustn't be a captain for the likes of me
and you,
And we mustn't buy a uniform of khaki, red
or blue,
As we go marching on!

Chorus:

Oh the longings we must stifle!
Won't you kindly spare a trifle,
Just to buy the corps a rifle,
As we go marching on!

C. E. B.

27.11.14

Pte. JACK LYNN (Lancs. Fusiliers).

[Died near Ypres, May 2, 1915.]

DEATH in the creeping cloud,
And behind the cloud, the foe;
Death in a grey-green shroud
Waging unequal strife,
And the instinct that pleads for life
Bidding him turn and go.

Up to the top of the trench
Boldly he swung his gun,
And through the reek and the stench,
While the poison gripped his throat,
Sounded that stuttering note,
Dealing death to the Hun.

There, as his Maxim spoke,
The ranks of the foemen reeled,
Checked and shattered and broke;
Then o'er the corpse-strewn plain
Swept to the charge again,
Bidding the hero yield.

Blue-lipped, he grasped for breath,
In the race that was almost run,
Strong in the hour of death
He vanquished the powers of Hell,
Hurling them backwards, and fell,
Dead by his silent gun!

MOTHER AND SON.

"SINCE war is hell, what can be worse than war?"

It was a mother spoke whose only boy
Had fallen ere the fight for Mons was o'er;

And he who once had been her pride and joy,
Whom all her passionate prayers had failed
to save,

Lay sleeping in a distant unknown grave.

But at the word she seemed to hear a voice,
Far off, but clear, that answered to her
thought:

"Nay, though the stricken heart may not rejoice,
And cruel though may be the evil wrought
On fields where might and lust their victims
claim,

There is a deeper hell—the hell of Shame.

"Had I not answered instant to the call,
Then had thy heart known bitterness indeed;
Or had our country earned the scorn of all,
False to her pledges in the hour of need,
Could we have thanked kind Heaven for such
release

That left us branded with a coward's peace?

"Through you I learned to see my duty clear,
To hold that honour was the highest prize;
Aye, and to know that what is passing dear
Must merit still the greatest sacrifice.

Mother, was that last price too great to give,
Since life is vain where honour cannot live?"

VIVE LA FRANCE.

HAIL, true and dauntless comrade in our war,
Whose splendid sons in splendid deeds outvie
Even the record of thy days gone by
And all the kingly chivalry of yore!
Bayard, God's perfect knight, who ever bore,
Fearless, without reproach, a stainless shield,
Looks down from Heaven to see your arms
 restore
The ancient glories of the stricken field.

We who have known thy might in desperate
 frays,
In many a bloody conflict in the past,
And through long years of warring won at last
To gentle comradeship in peaceful days,
To-day we know you with your soul ablaze,
A matchless friend, as once a noble foe,
Winning, undaunted still, by arduous ways
To that one only goal we both must know.

Thou who hast held the lamp of learning high,
Lighting the world, whose arts and letters
 trace
The splendid record of a noble race,
Hast flown to arms that tyranny may die
And human foulness, issued from its sty,
Be driven headlong like the Gadarene swine.
So, till the evil dream of earth go by
Aye, and for ever, shall our hearts be thine!

ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

No more in sorrow England's Saint looks down
Upon the sacred place that bears his name,
Where amid banners blazoning high renown
There flaunted but of late the brand of shame,
The black, winged emblem of an accursèd
fame

Before whose might a peaceful people fell
While ruthless cruelty and lust and flame
Turned all a smiling land to worse than hell.

Surely pale ghosts of Garter Knights gone by
Have walked uneasy in that holy place,
Shamed for their honour that can never die,
The high tradition of a glorious race,
Seeing yet hanging in the accustomed place
The sign of that false knight whose banner
cried

Of nameless torment for a noble race,
Of innocence defiled and crucified!

Lo! it is gone! Within those hallowed walls
The banner that the powers of darkness bore
Is banished from above the carven stalls
Where soulless perfidy shall sit no more.
At a King's word strong hands that foulness
tore

From its high place. So honour knows increase
And 'mid the distant thunders of our war
The soul's of England's knights may rest in
peace!

TO AMERICA.

YOUR mother tongue is ours, and in your veins
There flows the blood of English pilgrim sires;
Surely the bond of kinship that remains
Must still make dear to you our dear desires?
It is an hundred years since strife was dead
Betwixt our nations; and our flags unfurled,
Twin lights of Liberty, their rays have shed
Triumphant o'er the world!

To-day we take our stand to shield the weak
And peril all to right a bitter wrong,
To stay a vengeance such as tyrants wreak,
Knowing the battle must be fierce and long.
We do not ask your entrance in the strife
That drains the life-blood of the ancient
Powers;
But, as we strike for liberty and life,
Surely your heart is ours!

Yet in your ear there drops the poisoned word
Of those whose hands are red with many a
stain;
Within your land the foeman's voice is heard,
Butcher of Termonde, wrecker of Louvain!
A voice that bids you know nor friend nor foe.
But yet to stand as sordid souls arrayed
Against your kinsman, as a folk who know
No higher word than trade!

To America—continued.

Neutrality! While rape and fire and sword
Make hell of that fair land that did no ill
But strike against a tyranny abhorred,
Whose mortal anguish finds her fighting still!
Yet every cargo that your vessels bear
Helps on the Hun to some more hellish deed.
And shall mere dross be still your only care?
That were a devil's creed!

We have not sought your ear nor whined our
 plaint

To you, the neighbour of our western lands;
Nor can you say our record knows the taint

Of base intrigue to fetter freedom's hands;
But that the world from thralldom may be freed

Our fleet keeps ceaseless watch upon the tide.
If we have wronged a friend in word or deed

Let your own heart decide!

AVENGED!

SAILORS of the staunch Good Hope and Mon-
mouth,
Sunken in the ocean fathoms deep,
Where amid the waste of waves
None may know where lie your graves,
And no wind that blows above you shall arouse
you from your sleep.

Did you know as you were dying in the battle,
Did you know when you were sinking in the sea
There was vengeance on the tide
For the men who fought and died
And the Flag that flew above you would be
borne to victory?

Yea, you knew, although the German's guns
out-ranged you,
And your hands might never render blow for blow,
That your comrades on the main
Would remember Britain's slain
And the ships that wrought your ending would
come swirling down below!

As our sires of Drake's and Nelson's days before
you,
You have shown the world the faith of
Britain's sons,
And the requiem of the bold
O'er a distant main is rolled
In the loud victorious thunder of her guns!

THE LOSS OF THE LEON GAMBETTA.

"VIVE LA FRANCE!" Even in the hour of death
Rises in love and hope the impassioned cry,
Meet utterance for a hero's latest breath!

Let all the glamour of the world go by,
Heedless of self, they yield without a sigh
The dearest joys that life itself may give,
Asking no greater guerdon than to die
If but the glory of their land may live!

Dear France, we weep with thee those noble
sons

Who with our own now sleep beneath the tide.
True to the last, a goodly company!
And o'er their tomb the thunder of our guns
Shall speak triumphant yet where, side by
side,
In sisterhood our navies keep the sea.

A NATION'S TRIBUTE.

AMID his glories simple to the last

He bade them lay his earthly form to rest
Where the clear evening of his life was past,

By no vain pomp or circumstance oppressed,
But England claims him still, her splendid son
Whose last, most glorious fight is fought and
won.

So, through the heart of Empire, sad and slow,
We shall behold him pass to take his place
Amid the noble dead of long ago,

The high immortal heroes of our race.
Surely their dust shall quicken as he comes
Amid the roll and sob of muffled drums.

Aye, even in his death we need him yet,
An inspiration to each nobler aim,
Who, worn with burdening years, could ne'er
forget

The voice that led him on to heights of
fame,
The voice of duty! Yea, for each and all
Shall ask how they have answered to the call.

A Nation's Tribute—continued.

"Arm and prepare; your ordeal is at hand!"

Alas, the soldier-prophet spoke in vain,
Unheard, unhonoured in a slumbering land;

But, being dead, his spirit lives again.

"Arm and prepare!" The cry shall never cease
Till war shall win our land a lasting peace.

So, when they bear him past the uncovered
throng,

Let each man ask his heart, "What have I
done

To honour him who served my land so long?"

And in that hour new lives shall be begun,
For surely each new hand that grasps the sword
Pays him his fitting tribute and reward!

LOVE THE PIRATES!

MEN and helpless women fighting for life in the
sea;

The great ship rent asunder and sinking
before their eyes.

Lifeboats capsized and broken, and a wild wind
blowing free,

And the heavens above them ringing to the
sound of their anguished cries.

But the Huns are rocked with laughter, for this
at last is The Day!

These be the hated British, who perish here
in the wave,

Not in the heat of battle, the thunderous roar
of the fray,

But struggling as souls in torment they sink
to a nameless grave.

Here be no guns to answer, to render back blow
for blow.

Safe as their skulking Dreadnoughts the
pirates of Europe stand

And shout in a devils' chorus that ever the
world may know

How civilisation and culture are born in the
Fatherland!

Love the Pirates—continued.

Brothers and sisters of Britain, shall we not love
the Hun,

And, though we may strive to conquer, let
brotherhood be our goal?

Shall they not be forgotten, the hellish deeds he
has done,

Lest hate of a tactless victor may canker his
gentle soul?

31.3.15

TOUCHSTONE.

CANADA!

THROUGH twilit forests and o'er fertile plains,
By teeming towns and orchards blossoming
In all the faery splendour of the spring,
The word of pride goes forth and glory reigns.
For through the distant rumour of the guns,
Heard from afar throughout thy peaceful land,
There speaks a voice that bids thee under-
stand
The awful fiery ordeal of thy sons.

Swift at the call they gathered to our aid,
The flower of all thy manhood, vowed to fight
For Britain and for freedom and the right
Until the last 'great sacrifice was made.
And in that darkest hour when very hell
Seemed loosed against them, steadfast yet
they stood.

As war-worn veterans for hardihood,
And cried thy name triumphant as they fell!

Living and dead, their brave hands garland thee
With love and honour, an unfading crown,
A goodly heirloom to be handed down
To children's children that are yet to be.
And we, who share thy glory and thy tears,
Their splendid service never shall forget,
But, to thy noble heart drawn closer yet,
Shall stand 'as one with thee throughout the
years!

ALSACE.

ONCE more her soil with joyful trembling knows
The conquering tread of France's martial sons,
The ceaseless rumble of advancing guns
And war for her has blossomed as a rose.
Surely her time of waiting nears its close
Now when the ringing bugle's passionate call
Bids her uplift towards the God of all
The brave heart yet unconquered by her foes!

Peace? What was peace to her whose bitter
tears
Spoke of a life whence hope seemed far with-
drawn,
Of hunger of the spirit and of drouth?
To-day shall loose the burden of the years,
For lo! the glorious fires of freedom's dawn
Break forth in thunder at the cannon's
mouth!

12.8.14

TOUCHSTONE.

BRUSSELS, 1914.

DAY after day they braved the sullen flood
That beat upon that gallant front in vain.
They fought as heroes fight till flesh and blood
No more the unequal contest might sustain,
Knowing what prize their ordeal served to
gain;
And when at length, their duty nobly done,
They saw the ruthless horde roll o'er the plain
Their souls were shadowed as the darkened sun.

They left thee, fairest city of their land,
Dearer than blood, more precious than fine
gold,
Reft of defence beneath a foeman's hand,
To keep their tryst, the allotted post to hold.
And when the ashes of our strife are cold
Men yet unborn shall read with tear-dimmed
eyes
Amid the tale of martial deeds enrolled
The record of that glorious sacrifice!

22.8.14

TOUCHSTONE.

BUSINESS AS USUAL.

"BUSINESS as Usual!" We see the word
Flame out in gaudy posters on the wall
To catch the eye of Britain's placid herd
While over-seas our bravest fight and fall,
While day by day earth's warring millions reel
Amid the roar of guns and clash of steel!

"Business as Usual!" While France the fair
Strains every nerve to her colossal task
And in the fog of Belgium's poisoned air
The soldier gasps behind his shielding mask
And distant nations, chafed by long delay,
Await the hour when they shall join the fray!

"Business as Usual!" When all the world
Roars into conflict! Are we deaf and blind,
Seeing the awful strength of tyrants hurled
Against the liberties of all our kind?
Shall we play huckster while a hostile State
Would wreak on us and ours its lust and hate?

A bitter and a bloody business claims
Our every act and thought, our heart and soul
Till where the roaring line of cannon flames
Our tide of battle shall victorious roll,
Purging the stricken lands with Britain's sword
Of all the foulness of that devil's horde!

A SECOND LIEUTENANT.

SOMEWHERE in Flanders he lies,
The lad with the laughing eyes;
And I bade him good-bye but yesterday!
He clasped my hand in a manly grip;
I can see him now with a smiling lip,
And his chin held high in the old proud way.

Salt of our English earth,
A lad of promise and worth,
Straight and true as the blade at his side,
Instant to answer his country's call,
He leapt to the fray to fight and fall,
And there, in his youth's full flood, he died.

Victor yet in his grave,
All that he had he gave;
Nor may we weep for the might-have-been,
For the quenchless flame of a heart aglow
Burns clear that the soul yet blind may know
The vision splendid his eyes have seen!

Weep but the wasted life
Of him who shrinks from the strife,
Shunning the path that the brave have trod;
Not for the friend whose task is done,
Who strove with his face to the morning sun,
Up and up to his God!

DEATH AND GLORY.

DEATH or glory! Death or glory!
Soldier, one of these is thine!
Nay, throughout our island story
Death and glory still entwine.
Glory shines above the sleeping,
On the field where death came reaping.

These, whose deeds made foes to wonder,
Though on their unheeding ears
Falls the world's acclaim in thunder,
Falls the sound of women's tears,
Died to live. Each staunch defender
Claims his heritage of splendour.

Theirs no more the strife of nations;
Theirs the tale of duty done,
Lighting future generations,
Handed down from sire to son,
Keeping bright our island story,
Death and glory! Death and glory!